I have somewhere heard it said that an intelligent person who wishes to remain a faithful Cathelic must keep away from Rome; and in the same spirit I suggest that one who wishes to cherish devout faith in representative law-making and "the perfection of human reason" should stay away from Washington. Happily, however, the galleries of the House were so planned and constructed that very few of their occupants can hear one tenth of what is said on the floor below; so that the stranger who rushes in at morning to witness and listen to the deliberations there proceeding, will go away on the adjournment with a bewildered, aching head and never an id ea in it of what has been going on before and beneath him. Let me give, for the benefit of such and their stay-at-home brethren, a daguerrectype of the operations of the House or the Deficiency bill passed to-day:

This bill was reported by Mr. L. D. CAMPBELL from the Committee of Ways and Means, whose sine Members were almost if not quite unanimous in its support. It is based entirely on estimates received from the Treasury Department-that is to esy: the Administration applies to Congress for additional appropriations for the service of the year ending with next June. Here are the items:

year ending with next June. Here are t
Compensation of Extra Clerks on account of Bounty Land Warrants
Stationery for General Post-Office.
Stationery for General Post-Office.
Stationery for General of Utsh.
Increased Salaries Junities Supreme Court U. S.
Compensation District Attorneys.
Compensation District Attorneys.
Compensation District Attorneys.
Fund for Sick and Disabled Seamen.
Pfund for Sick and Disabled Seamen.
Deficiency Fost-Office Revenue.
Increased Salary of Governor of New-Mexico
Arrearages, &c., under Reciprocity treaty.
Stationery, flags, postage, &c., for U. S. Consula,
Expenses of Consultates in Turkey
Expenses incurred by Convenie in procuring information required by Government.
Copying Patents recorded in Connectivat
Extra contingencies Department of State

Total. #1,419,225 6

To this item was appended the following:

Procided, That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby at
thorized to change the present system of providing relief for six
and disabled seamon by dismissing from service the employee
of the Government, leasing the Marine Hospitals at such point
as in his judgment the public interest requires a change, to pri
vate helividuals, city or town authorities, or private associations, on terms providing for the necessary attention to seamne
antified to relief: And provided further. That the said Secretar,
half accessed all further expenditures of moncy hereinfore as

antilled to relief: And provided further. That in a superior speakall suspend all further expenditures of money hereinfore appropriated for the purchase of sites, and the construction of Marine Hospitals at those points where the construction of buildings has not been commenced, and that the said floorestary report to Congress annually the arrangements which he may have made under this provise.

—This Provise proved a serious stumbling-block to the bill. Yet I did not hear it distinctly objected to when the item was read in course while the bill was in Committee: and, though there was come grumbling at it in the course of the debate, ne one made and pressed a motion to strike it out. Of course it remained in, and was no longer hable to be stricken out when the Committee yesterday rose and reported the bill, though it was well known that several Members regarded it with dislike-some, as opening the way for abuse and privation of sick sailors under a poor-house system of

farming them out to the lowest bidder; others, as

not being well guarded, and as having no business

in a deficiency bill.

The item for the Governor of New-Mexico was also disrelished. He formerly had one salary as Governor of New-Mexico, another as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in said Territory. Congress undertook to raise his salary as Governor from \$2,000 a year to \$3,000 (I believe), with the understanding that this should pay in full for his services; but the clause was so bunglingly drawn as not to include specifically his salary as Superintendent aforesaid. Of course, having pocketed his consolidated salary, he turns around and "puts in" for \$1,000 a year more as Superintendent, and the Department decided to give it to him, but couldn't without a fresh appropriation from Congress. Sc his dish was held right side up to catch the dropping manna of the Deficiency bill; but, after spend ing a great deal too much time in debating this item, the House in Committee struck it out; yet, on coming out of Committee, Humphrey Marshall objected to the amendment, and the House decidedly voted it down. So the bill was put on its passage, exactly as it came from the Committee, (and in fact, from the Treasury,) and thus beaten on the Year and Nays by nearly two to one.

Having thus killed it, the House directly set to work to resuscitate it. And as it was notorious that the Marine Hospital proviso and the New-Mexican Governor's extra pay had knocked the breath out of it, it was proposed, on reconsidering, to throw these Jonahs overboard and then see if the craft could not be got to port. So said, so done: the House reconsidered, struck out the Hospital proviso, then Gov. Meriwether's extra pay, (which had already been voted out, then in again, and now was voted out again;) and the bill, thus lightened, was put under the Previous Question, rushed by several corners and finally passed without a division. And now I am inclined to think that defeated Marine Hospital proviso, though needing more elaboration and rather out of place in this bill, about the best thing in it.

POSTAL REFORM.

Special Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.
WASHINGTON, Wednesday, March 5, 1856. That very great improvements in our Mail service are practicable, no one who sees, but especially no one who has been lately in England, can doubt. It is a most undeniable fact that our Mail service is at this hour far inferior to that of Great Britain. though the British Post-Office pays a large annual eurplus into the Public Treasury, while ours is constantly running the country into debt. The simple iteration of exposed and exploded fallacies is apt to be provoking; but when the Washington journals meet the demand for Postal Reform with cool assertions that the Post-Office ought to sustain itself-as if that were the point in dispute, or as if anybody had ever denied it-it is difficult to maintain that sunny susvity with which every great question should be approached and discussed. If the Post-Office were required to transport for nothing all the Federal troops from the Lakes to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as the exigencies of the Government should require. and to transport also all the arms, food, munitions. and se forth, required by the Military service, and an appeal for Postal Reform were to be met, as now, by averments that the Post-Office ought to support itself, the public would apprehend the fairness and force of that demurrer, yet it were just as fair to call on those who send letters by mail to pay the expense of transporting troops and ordnance, munitions and provisions for our mili-

tion, and then call upon the Department to support itself. The Reforms now required in the Postal service of this country rank in my eyes as follows:

tary service, as to load the Mails with thousands

of tune of franked letters and documents, paying

nothing toward the cost of their own transporta-

1. Free and general delivery of letters, &c.

2. No Franking. Nothing passing free. 3. A Money Order system.

4. Reduction of Postage.

5. Unpaid letters to be forwarded, but at a higher

Let me enlarge a little on each of these points: 1. Free Delivery .- A letter delivered is apt to provoke an answer, but so long as it remains in the Post-Office it lies dead and unfruitful. If all the letters received by the next mail steamship from Liverpool were promptly placed in the hands of those to whom they shall be severally addressed, at least one thousand more letters (written in response to these) would go out in the next steamer to Liverpool; and these would add \$250 to the postage thence accruing. If a citizen living in Fortieth street of our city could drop half a dozen letters into a box or hollow pillar on the next block, with moral certainty that the one directed to Wall or Pearl street would be received within two hours, and that an answer might confidently be expected within five, while those addressed to Brooklyn, Harlem, Jersey City, Quarantine and Newark respectively would be answered by way of the postman at furthest before noon of the next day, the letter-delivery of our City Post-Office would at least be doubled within two years and quadrupled within ten. But it takes longer. in the average, to obtain an answer to a letter dispatched to Brooklyn than it does to get one from Albany or Hartford; while a letter dispatched by post to a friend three squares off will hardly be answered by post short of two days. Of course correspondence through the City Post is almost precluded by such unreasonable delays; and he who this evening wishes to inform his friend who lives half a mile off that he will or will not be able to dine with him, as invited, on the day after tomorrow, may better pay a boy a quarter to carry the note than trust to the celerity of the Post-Office.

In country villages, it may seem a tax to deliver Mail matter, but experience would soon change this aspect. Whenever a mail is received and assorted, let a boy take the contents in a post-bag, duly arranged for prompt delivery, and proceed to put every letter in the hands of its proper owner. Of course, this would be practicable over a limited radius-that of the village proper, or compact settlement-but within this radius it would be less trouble to send letters and papers at once to their destination than to wait for them to be stragglingly, capriciously called for, and have to look the lot over whenever another is called for. How many more replies would be elicited by this system of prompt delivery, and how greatly the business and receipts of the Post-Office would thus be augmented, I have already indicated.

2. No Franking .- After all that has been said. the Country has no adequate idea of the enormity and iniquity of the Franking nuisance. It costs the Government not less than \$200,000 per annum to print documents that would not be printed at all (for public distribution) if there were no Franking privilege. There are not five thousand persons in existence who would desire a copy of the President's Message and the accompanying Documents, as printed by order of Congress, if required to pay a fair rate of postage thereon; but let the Treasury pay for printing while the Members frank and direct them, and now everybody wants one, as it will make gun-wadding, or serve some other purpose, if never read. Thus Franking, be side subjecting the Members to the receipt of thousands of frivolous and impertinent letters, calling on them to do this or that or run hither and thither, for the benefit of the writers of such epistles, absorbs more than half the time they ought to devote to the study of the documents they can barely find opportunity to direct and send away. It is a wrong to the Press that Government should not only give away tens of thousands of votumes of printed matter an nually, but pay for transporting it to the recipients -or rather, compel the mailers of letters to pay it. The true rule is to let everything pay its own way.

-I will not enlarge on the other points to-day. The abolition of the Franking privilege is the pivot of the whole movement. With that, we can reform everything; without it, nothing. II. G.

ENGLISH POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. LONDON, Friday, Feb. 1, 1856.

The war has done for Palmerston more than Palmerston has done for the war. Everybody has his chance. The Reform bill was Macaulay's; Peel's delection, Disraeli's; the Russian war, Palmerston's. It came just in time, for the old gentleman is breaking; his look is shaky; he sleeps in the House more than he used to do. Nothing but the war could have made him Premier; for the Whigs don't thoroughly trust any man who is not of the large borough owning breed; and P., till Melbourne's legacy of a few years since, was absolutely poor-a fatal objection in England. A gust of popularity filled his sails and carried him ahead of everybody, like Collingwood at Trafalgar He won't make peace too hastily: for peace will restore the eld equilibrium internation. What John will have a Reform bill ready. What probable ? Several things then? Is peace probable? Several thing are very strongly in favor of that supposition In the first place Napoleon is bent on it. France (he says) won't fight for nothing. Another cam-paign—to be decided in the Baltic chiefly—would be for English objects only—he argues. Will you give France the Rhine? No extension of the war -reply the Conservatives. Peace is a Conserva-tive object. From the Orkneys to Cyprus every Conservative wishes peace; for war, they fear, would breed revolutions. If you want to know what our Conservative leaders think, you must not go only by what they say in Parliament. They are go only by what they say in Parliament. They are bent on peace, and they dare not oppose or dis-turb Palmerston while he is busy with the negotiations. Russell and Co. are of course for peace. They broke down in conducting the war and can never rise again as long as it lasts

As to the public-the middle classes and people of property—the shopkeepers above all, are willing enough to have peace if they can get a decent settlement. Without that—no; but give them a pretext and you are sure of them. There is a section of Radicals and Chartists eager to carry on the war, for the precise reasons which make Conservatives anxious to stop it. They had a meeting a few nights since. But I attach little importance to these men at present. Chartism i utterly disorganized. Radicalism is divided, for sections of Radicals follow Bright and peace. By the way, one result of this war is al-ready most obvious—it has shaken our party sys-tem to the core. Weakened before, it is tumbling

Lord Clarendon goes to Paris as our represent ative at the Conferences. Lord John traveled with such a batch of nurses, wet and dry, for his progeny, that everybody laughed at him. He can't speak French well enough. He is a pedant, and spoiled by long Parliamentary success into the bargain. In fact, he was a dead failure. Of all employments, this especially demands a man of the world-a Chesterfield-and, owing to our

sacrificing everything to Parliament, Chesterfields are just the fellows we can't get. We are "all gone to tongue, as Carlyle once observed of Lord B——. Clarendon has a reputation, of Lord B——. Clarendon has a reputation, though nobody exactly knows why. However, he is a man of parts, though his enemies call him a dawdler and a gossip. The Villierses have generally parts—Lord Chatham's mother

was one of them which is their great modern dis-

tinction in the eyes of men of sense.

If Russia sells us after all—and there are able men here who expect as much—(to tell you the truth—though we don't own it—a kind of hankering notion-unchristian you know, but human-makes us feel we ought to come better out of it)-if she plays false, every eye will be turned to the Baltic. They say Lyons goes there. He is our popular hero at present. I dined with him once, some years ago-a pleasant, shrewd, very hearty and homely man he is. He owes much, but not everything to his merit. Not everything, I sayfor when he was Minister at Athens (where your humble servant saw him), the Earl of Arundel and Surrey (heir of the Duke of Norfolk) fell ill in his house, and recovering, married his daughter. And this connection has no doubt gone for something in

a little, say the booksellers. He is more Whiggish—more prejudiced—more Macaulay-ish than ever.
The worst of it is, that you can't wring a correction out of him. He sticks to an error as if it was a merit. There was Hepworth Dixon who tackled him on Penn. No reply. In the eleventh edition of the first two volumes all the false charges against l'enn are retained. So, Dixon has lost patience, and, as he is going to bring out a new edition of his Life of Penn, is also going to handle Macaulay again in a new preface. The book is not to be out for a week, but as I know your American interest in this question, I have procured a sight of the proofs. You are aware that the was that of "extorting money from the Taunton girls for the benefit of the Maids of Honor." Mr. Dixon has shown that William Penn did no such thing, and that the real offender was a regular "pardon-broker" of the period-one "George Penne." This is proved by an extract from the books of the Privy Council. What can one say more? I shall transcribe a paragraph or two from the proof of the preface, which is lying before me, that Penn's biographer may speak for himself:

In the belief that Mr. Macaulay would withdraw

"In the belief that Mr. Macaulay would withdraw his accusation as an error—when a popular edition of 'William Pena' was passing through the press—I withdraw the extra chapter from the public eye.

This abstinence is no longer just toward the public. Characters, like that of Penn, are a sacred inheritance.

In the third and fourth volumes of the 'History of England' the sau e principle of incessant accusation prevails. Every reference to Penn is accompanied by an epithet. His conduct is spoken of as 'scandalous'—bis life as 'unfavorable to moral purits'—bis wood as —his life as 'unfavorable to moral purity'—his word as 'a falsehood.' Yet from first to last, not one fact inconsistent with the highest character and the purest

inciple is proved against Penn."
Mr. Dixon does not even allow that the historian is original as a libeler. He charges him with borrowing libelous facts, and adding to them color, emphasis and exaggeration."

I understand that Macaulay is going to reply to his assailants; for he is thin-skinned in such mat-ters—more so than you would fancy. He has re-tired from Parliament. The fact is he suffers from asthma to a distressing extent. Apropos of Ma-caulay, they say, or used to say, that nothing has kept old Croker alive for some years but the hope of massacring his third and fourth volumes in The Quarterly. I will believe anything of the spite The Quarterly. I will believe anything of the spite of Croker, of course. But whether The Quarterly is still open to him for private purposes I doubt much. You may see a new hand in The Quarterly this last number.

Touching new books—we are to have Rogers's

Table Talk, very shortly. It is compiled by Dyce, from the old pott's conversation. I hear on good authority that it will be piquant. Rogers was the author of what Byron thought the best epigram in our language—that on Lord Dudley and Ward.

They say Ward has no heart, but I deny i

For a long time, Rogers used to get the credit of all the good bons-mots-just as Lord - gets the credit of all the clever natural sons! Our greatest colloquial wit now is Douglass Jerrold. Here is a mot of his which has never been printed. The penderous P. C., well known publicly as a writer and privately as a butt, had been heavily 'chaffed" one evening at a certain club. to reply. "What I want," said he—"what I want—is common sense." "Ezactly," cried Douglass, as quick as lightning. Regers had much of this felicity in talk, and I anticipate an amusing book of his Ana.

There is not, however, much going on in literature, which has been damaged a good deal by the war. Publishers think peace will sell books—and every tradesmen thinks it will sell his goods; and the poor find everything dear; and the rich don't know what it may lead to; and all these notions swell the chances of a settlement. It will take years, however, for commercial nations to become as potent as they were before the war began. It has ruled the roast during its sway tyrannically. Hence, not even the shameful blunders of its man agement have availed to feed a powerful agitation, and the " Administrative Reformers" coufess their

failure with a melancholy wail.

LITERATURE IN PARIS.

PARIS, Thursday, Feb. 7, 1856. It may seem late in the day for a literary news eporter to announce the publication of a work the earlier volumes of which are already in their fourth edition. But the sixth volume of Henri Martin's Histoire de France, which appeared last week, is not simply a reprint of volume sixth of the previous editions. The portion of it which treats of Jeanne d'Arc, has been completed by important additions concerning the life of that heroine, her trial and death. The laborious, conscientious historian has thus incorporated into his work all of the recent documentary discoveries relating to the epoch of Charles VII. and the Maid of Orleans that are essential to the forming of a judgment upon one of the noblest personages of history. Of the interest of this portion of the volume, I need say nothing. What is worth speaking of is, that the new revelations of her life and character, brighten instead of tarnishing their traditional glory: the impartial prose of Martin's history depicts as pure and lofty a nature as the cuthusiastic verse of Schiller's

A little book of greater merit than many of its more pretentious brethren in octavo, is the Histoire Litteraire de la Revolution, by Eugene Maron. It is not a formal history of the literature that appeared in France in the time of the old Constituent and Legislative Assemblies; but the oratory and journalism of the time is cited and commented upon as the expression of the spirit of the timethe index to the philosophy of its history. In France, even more than in other civilized trice, is the relation between literary and political history intimate. The fact, never unknown here although ignored or flatly denied by one party, but overlooked by most English writers-that the newspaper violences of L'ami du peuple and Père Duchesne, had their parallels in Royal journalism, is illustrated fully in this little work. It offers also a curious study of the beginning of that literary revolution, in the course of which the old des-potism of classicism was broken down, and which resulted in the triumph of Romanticism; a revo-lution to which France and the world are indebted for the best of what is good in her cotempora-

neous literature. While it is, no doubt, desirable to see ourselves as others see us, for the sake of views that escape our own indulgent vision, it remains true that a self-observant man knows himself, if imperfectly, at least more thoroughly than any onlooking neigh bor knows him. Autobiography, in spite of the deceptions of vanity, is truer than biography. The best biographies, like Bosuell's Johnson and Lockhart's Scott, are those in which the subject, by cited conversation or letters, is left to depict him-What is true of the individual is true of society. However accurate-by force of exceptional talent-may be the descriptions of English men and manners drawn by American visitors to Great Britain, it is agreed on all hands—on all Ameri-can hands, certainly—that no English traveling

rect observations. We all see the aptness of Dickens's satire, the truthfulness of his pictures, when their objects and subjects are English. His satire upon us in Martin Chuzzlewitt and his "Notes" upon us in a previously published work, we many of us considered as eminently unjust. slanderous, only excusable by ignorance. it is difficult for an Englishman, speaking our language, reading the books we read, living under laws and social conventions similar to our own, to "naderstand our institutions," a fortiors is it diffi-cult for him or for an American to understand, consequently to write with truth and justice of, the manners and customs of a people widely separated from us by differences of race, language, religion, political and social institutions. Therefore, in-stead of trusting for your view of Parisian sights and manners to the blurred, discolored glasses of any compatriotic or English literary showman, look at Paris et les Parisiens au XIX Siecle, their manners, arts and monuments, as they are de in an elegant volume, written by Dumas Gautier, Houssaye and others, who know some-thing of their themes, and illustrated by Gavarni and other designers. These last have shown themselves congenial commentators on the text of the

Speaking of illustrated works, I must not omit brief mention of one which is held a masterpiece here in Paris, where excellence in this kind is so abundant. I refer to the Contes Drolatiques of Balzac, an edition of which, illustrated with hundreds of designs by that mad genius, Gustave Doré, was issued a few days ago. The Contes Drolatiques is a work in which Balzac took especial pride and pleasure. To most readers, certainly to foreign readers, unless of a very de praved moral taste, it is chiefly interesting as a remarkable resuscitation of the style and language of Rabelais, of whose works Balzac was a loving student, with whose moral and intellectual nature Balzac's had many characteristics in common. It is a literary tour de For its immorality, it is but just to say that it is, like the immorality of Rabelais, not of the irritating, most harmful kind; besides that, to those most likely to be harmed by printed immorality it is, by irtue of its quaint, antique lan-guage, almost as a sealed book. At the time of the publication, some two years and more ago, of an edition of Rabelais, illustrated by Doré, I spoke at some length of the character of the de-The remarks then made apply generally to this edition of the Contes Drolatiques. say now, as then, that the artist has so fully possessed himself of the spirit of the writer that neight suppose the book were written up to the engravings, almost as well as that the engravings were designed after the ideas of the writer. present work, however, shows more delicate inventions and more graceful forms than are to be and in the former. Another production of Doré, composed last Win-

ter, but only recently published, is of a different character in subject and execution. I have hardy the right to speak of it in a "letter about books," for the letter-press which accompanies it -which, by the way, with the exception of an old song by Beranger, has very little merit of any kind-is of small volume, and added to it only in the way of introductory note. His topic is the Wandering Jew, that fertile theme which, from its old form of menkish chronicle and popular ballad and prose legend, has grown under the culture of modern poets into numberless forms of novels. dramas and narrative poems in all languages. On the French stage alone the poor Jew has made ter distinct apparitions, his last being at the grand opera under the guidance of M. Halevy and M. St. opera under the guidance of M. Halevy and M. St. George. In literature, no one will forget Eugene Sue's Juff Errant, and the Isaac Laquedem of Alex-ander Dumas, and the Salathiel of George Croly; on one will remember the Ahasucrus of "our own" Robert Tyler. Dore's Juif Errant is a series of twelve wood engravings, which are remarkable in their kind, merely for their size and cutting. Each plate is, to judge roughly by the eye, sixteen by twenty inches, and the entire surface is cut in full. In the best of them the effects of light and shade are given with a breadth-one might say a grandeur-quite unusual in this department of art. There is a singular want of unity of thought art. There is a singular want of unity of thought in the series, and often a singular want of unity in individual plates. In one, Doré follows the old legend; in another he follows his own imagination mainly. And such an imagination for one pencil to follow! So rich, but so vagabond, so extravagant, so madly drunk. The solemn, the grotesque, and the ravingly absurd, sometimes all riot together on one page. Fortunately such in riot together on one page. Fortunately such in-congruity does not disfigure all of them. With the general remark that the series abounds in defects and in faults, some of them intolerable ones, pass to the pleasanter part of my service and attempt to convey some notion of its merits. These appear no where more strikingly than in the sixth design. It has the qualities of a poem and a ser-mon, harmonized by the philosophical thought which it at once suggests and illustrates. It re-presents the ceaseless wanderer passing through a graveyard, where, beneath the sculptured signs of the Christian faith, less guilty men lie at rest. their tombstones, the wretched traveler reads the request to pray for their repose. Black cypresses, and rising above their tops a square Church tower, stand out against the sky, in outlines hard and stiff, immovable, like inflexible judges, who hear no prayers for change of doom. The irifting across the heavens have assumed, to the eye of his tormented imagination, fantastic, dim, human forms. Foremost there seems a shape as of a man bearing a cross, and behind follow a confused throng, such as went up to Calvary. Further on, planted in a darker stratum of cloud, he makes out the forms of two crosses. Thitherward drift the airy multitude. Shrinking within him-self for awful horror, his averted glance falls upon another memorial of his crime. His own figure, with staff and streaming beard and waving garments, cast in receding shadow upon the ground before him, takes fearful likeness to a fallen man, struggling onward as he moves, under the weight of a heavy cross. The tall grave-yard weeds rank with a life drawn from death, swayed toward him by the evening wind, seem like vexed ghosts to chase him from their abode. All this is visible by the lingering light of a sun already set. The coming night will bring him no rest. You see the bells in the churchtower swing aslant. may be ringing for evening prayers, for the birth of a new-born babe, for the christening, a marriage feast, or a funeral. Him they can invite to no feasts or merry makings to no meeting with other mortals. His death, the most longed for, hopeless blessing, they will never announce. Such are the main traits of this composition on the rea guilty conscience; on the philosophical side, a be illustration of the truth that the phenomena of the outward world are conditioned within us.

ligious side-a fine symbolizing of the terrors of Madame Manuel Grandfort, the strong-minded woman who wrote that amusing libel on our country entitled L' Autre Monde, quite unmindful of that world in which—even if she had not added that pamphlet to her other failings-she is to be be an account for misdeeds, threatens another book on the United States. Her forthcoming yellow-covered error is to be called La Gouvernement Americain demasque, (the American Government Unmasked). Apropos of her defending American Slavery, and moralizing all in the same sentence in one of the pages of L' Autre Monde, a critic in one of the journals here writes: "It Grandfort, that one has the right to play the mor

alist, and if we were indiscreet, we would tell you in full what is thought of you in the salons "of New-Orleans. . . ." How could Madame de Grandfort ever have made herself known in the salons of New-Orleans?" Or does the critic

mean to speak of oyster saloons? Etudes sur les forces productives de la Russie Essays on the Productive Forces of Russia). The fourth volume of this work has just appeared— a work of peculiar interest, even now that there

is a fair prospect of a European peace. The author, Mr. Tegoborski, occupies high official position in Russia-a circumstance which may strengthen our confidence in his ability to fitly treat a theme which no foreigner is in so good pogest doubts as to the impartiality of his views. Lamartine advertises a serial, which he entitles a Cours familier de Litterature (Familiar Lec-

observer among us has published a volume of cor-

sures on Literature). It is to be issued monthly, and to be made up of copious extracts from good authors, with interspersed remarks, in the way of introduction and appreciation, by the ex-states-man: I am afraid I might add, the ex-poet. Lamartine seems to have overworked a willing muse to the verge of exhaustion.

One or two other books, not of great value, and some curious facts respecting the material side in cotemporaneous French literature, I have not time

nor space to make note of to-day.

N. B.—Your old—I beg pardon for the discourtesy—your former correspondent, the Princess Belgiojoso, is writing a charming story, or rather, it is to be hoped from the title, a series of charming stories in the Rerue des Deux Mondes, unde the title of Recits Turco-Asiatiques. The last number of the Recue gives the first half of Emina -Eastern Manners described by an observer, who had eyes to see, as well as peculiar opportunities for seeing, during a long residence in Turkey, and who describes with Italian grace and French wit; preserving, withal, the charm of local coloring.

THE MEN OF NEW-ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[Original Letters never before published.] Ebenezer Pomeroy to Capt. Seth Pomeroy. Northampton, June 11, 1745.

Northampton, June 11, 1745.

Sir: I, your mother, relations and friends are generally well, blessed be God. We want to hear from you and the fleet and army, and a particular account of the bigness and strength of the City Louisburg, the hight of the walls, &c.; your power and interest against scaling the walls to take the city, for I suppose that if you get in the inside of the city the place is not taken, for I conclude that every house is so so strong that they are each, after a sort, a castle. But those things I must leave to those who are on the spot, who are the best judges, but still we want to hear of all the men of war that came from France being taken, store ships and all; we want to hear of being taken, store ships and all; we want to hear of the City Louisburg being taken, but we desire pa-tiently to wait God's time; but in the mean time, for your encouragement, I would inform you and your soldiers that God, in his providence, bath remarkably soldiers that God, in his provinence, hair remarkable, stirred up a spirit of prayer in this town for victory in this grand expedition, and I hear also throughout the land; for in this town the parents and some other relatives of those gone in the expedition have constantly set apart some time every week to pray to God for successing the contraction of the province of the prayer of the praye tives of those gone in the expedition have constantly set apart some time every week to pray to God for success in this grand affair, and we have good reason to conclude that it hath not been in vain, for God hath, in a very remarkable manner, smiled upon the fleet and army upon many accounts, and we really hope, and earnesty pray, that the Lord of Hosts, and God of Armies would still be on our side, and then there is no danger but your enterprise will be crowned with glory and triumph. Be much in prayer—abstain from all appearance of evil—watch particularly against those sins a soldier's life exposeth men unto, and above all keep always the fear of God before your eyes, and that will be a security to your living and dying.

With respect to your business at home, all goes on well; your wife manages affairs with conduct and courage, and indeed your business, that she was unact quainted with before you went away. The boys are industrious—the new pasture is fenced—the hay all got in well, finished yesterday. My sarvice to the General, and to all the officers of my acquaintance, and my due regards to Commodere Warren, and my love to your seldiers, and in particular to those that went from this place. The Lord prepare and prosper you, and all with you, and return you again to your respective homes, which is the desire and prayer of your loving and affectionate father.

EBENT POMEROY.

To SETH POMEROV, Cape Breton.

Rev. Benj. Pomeroy to his Wife.

LAKE GEORGE, July 23, 1759.

My DEAR: Saturday last at break of day our troops, to the number of tweive thousand, embarked for Cabrillons, all in health and high spirits. I could wish for more appearance of dependence on God than was observable among them; yet I hope God will grant deliverance unto Israel by them. Mr. Beebe^{*} and I, by the advice of our Colonel, stay behind, but expect soon liverance unto Israel by them. Mr. Beebe* and I, by the advice of our Colonel, stay behind, but expect some to follow. A considerable number of sick are left here in the hospitals; five died last night. I have been well in general. Want very much to hear from you—our dear children the people—and the neighboring ministers, &c. I would mention, would time permit me to describe it, the affecting scene of last Friday morning. A poor wretched criminal, Thomas Bailey, was executed. Mr. Brainerd and myself chiefly discoursed with him, but almost all his care was to have his life prolonged—pleaded with us to interced with the General for him, but there was no prospect of succeeding. His crime was stealing or prospect of succeeding. His crime was stelling or robting, whereof he had been frequently guilty; once received 1,000 lashes, and once reprieved from the gullows, but being often reproved he still hardened his heart and was suddenly destroyed. Severa prayers were made at the place of execution, the poor creature was terrified even to amazement and distrac-tion at the approach of the King of Terrors. An eter-nity of sinful pleasure would be dear bought with the pains of the last two hours of his life. He struggled with his executioners I believe more than hour ere they could put him in any proper position to receive the shot. The captain of the guard told me since that he verily believed that the devil helped him. I was far from thinking so; yet his resistance was very ex-

traordinary.

I am, with increasing love and affection, my dear, your most selection are, loving husband, BENJ. POMEROY. Mrs. ABIGAIL FOMEROY, Hebron, Conn.

. An associate Chaplain,

FEARFUL RIOT IN SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

From The Wilmington (N. C.) Commercial, Feb. 18. A tremendous excitement now prevails in Columbia.

Last night at about 9 o'clock some of the students of the South Carolina College were walking around the city with murderous object in view, it is supposed. As three of them were walking down Richardson street, immediately in front of the market-house, one of them yelled out the name of the Chief of Police, whom they intended providering that night. This certifiams hear-

immediately in front of the market-house, one of them yelled out the name of the Chief of Police, whom they intended murdering that night. This gentleman, hearing considerable noise in the street, proceeded to the spot to arrest the parties disturbing the peace. One of them pretended to be almost beastly drunk. The officer commanded the peace, and laid his hand, meantime, on the shoulder of the intoxicated person, and as he did this, one of the students punched him in the abdomen with his club; the policeman, thinking he had been stabbed, immediately struck the student with his bludgeon, splitting his skull dreadfully.

This being done, he commanded his fellow-policemen to assist in conveying him to the guard-house. As soon as he was lodged there the cry or "College" was raised by the students, and in less than two minutes 160 students were present, all armed with pistols, bowie-knives, swords, hatchets and clubs, and rushed to the guard-house, crying "Out! out!" After cutting all the doors and windows into fragments, they rushed in upon the Chief, each student giving him a wound with a knife, bludgeon or sword, and then threw him out of the second-story window on the brick pavement. The alarm-bell was then rung to call the citizens together, but too late to be of any service to the police. This morning about 10 o'clock the alarm-bell was rung again. On arriving at the guard-house I found the students and several of the citizens "going in lemons" with pistols, swords and howse knives. Several of the students were carried. guard-house I found the students and several of the citizens "going in lemons" with pistols, swords and howie knives. Several of the students were carried to their various homes dreadfully cut and bruised.

The students had sworn to kill the policeman, and they broke into the guard-house, where he had been put for safety, and pulled him out in front of it, where

they were each giving him a blow with their clubs and some of them cutting him with bowie-knives. and some of them cutting him with bound them. The few citizens that were present rushed upon them and they had a dreadful muss. The alarm bell was summer to summer the military companies, and in again rung to summon the military companies, and in a short time five military companies were present, in-

luding the artillery, clearing the side-walk.

Tuesday Night, Feb. 19.—The military are no Twesday Night, Feb. 19.—The military are now stationed around the guard-house and jail, prepared to give the students a warm reception. The students have made several threats to-night, and the military will be kept under arms, I think, several days. The Mayor says they shall not disperse till peace is declared. The students say they will not submit to any peace proposals till they have murdered Bedeil, the Chief of the Police.

One of the students died this afternoon, and others are expected to die to-night. Bedeil, I understand, died to-night. Three of the police have been murdered by these ruffians since my arrival here.

It is so late that I cannot give you the full details of

this exciting affair.

Thursday, 20.—The students have dispatched one of their number to Charleston for the purpose of purchasing ammunition, finding the citizens of this place

chasing ammunition, finding the citizens of this place will not sell to them. They have also procured rifles from a neighboring town under false pretenses, and were molding bullets last night and all to-day. The Mayor having secured the key of their armory on Mayor having secured the key of their armory on Tuesday, they sent a messenger to him this morning, stating that if he did not give up the key they would break open the armory. He refused to do so, and they broke it open and procured the weapons

Friday, 21.—The Governor went to the camp this evening, and demanded the arms from the students, telling them if they did not surrender he would fire upon them. This being done, they gave up their

There was a College meeting held to-day, and some

of the students expelled. I do not think the matter will end here. The newspapers have said nothing about this affair, as they fear the students will come down upon them with "sharp sticks."

BREAKING UP OF THE ICE-TWENTY. THREE BOATS WRECKED. From The St. Louis Democrat, Feb. 27.

IMMENSE DESTRUCTION.

Another great disaster has befallen our city. The ong-dreaded event of the breaking up of the ice which for two months gorged the Mississippi and all its tributary streams has come at last, and brought with it a destruction of our marine interests far trancending anything that was anticipated. Twenty hours since our levee was crowded with steamersow not a perfect hull remains. All have been swept down that lay opposite the central part of the citycrushed into a common ruin by the overwhelming masses of accumulated ice. Broken cables, chains with their links drawn to threads, a few shattered spars, alone remain to tell the story of stately vessels that were justly esteemed the pride of the Western

that were justly esteemed the pride of the Western waters.

At a few moments after 2 o'clock on yesterday the alarm was given that the gorge had commenced to break, and slowly, at first, and majestically the floating fields began to move; then, gathering force and rushing in upon the boats, it lifted some out upon the bank, while thirteen others were carried below and stranded upon the bars, where they were rapidly out into ribbons. A few of them that drifted into the bend of the river, although strained in every timber, fortunately escaped further damage. For some time the ice continued to float off, but after a few hours again gorged, causing additional destruction to those steamers that still lay at the shore. Anxions suspense them ers that still lay at the shore. Anxions suspense thea ensued. The Mississippi was rising rapidly, and it was well known that the next break-up would be even

was well known that the next break-up would be even more terrific than the preceding one.

At 72 o'clock, the tolling of the bells and the confused shouts that burst upon the stillness of the night, told that the ice was again in motion. Ten vessels, including among them two wharf boats that had been sheltered from the first violence, were torn from their fastening, hurled one upon another, and sent crashing and drifting along the front of the levee. The scene was truly appalling to those who were merely specta-

and drifting along the front of the levee. The scene was truly appalling to those who were merely spectaces, while the heroic exertions of the commanders and officers who stood to their decks amid the falling of timbers and the sinking of vessels, doing all that men could do to save them, was a thrilling exhibition of most true courage in the moment of extreme peril.

A dark night and a beating rain that ensued added dismalness and dreariness to the occasion, and left those who might struggle with the elements almost a hopeless task before them. The additional boats that were thus wrested from the shore, and jammed amid the heaped up flakes that hurried them along, met a like fate with the steamers that had been carried off in the afternoon. At present we cannot give a de-

the neaped up makes that hand been carried off in the afternoon. At present we cannot give a detailed account of the losses, but refer our readers to the river column, where they will be found in full as far as heard from at the hour of going to press.

Frequently as St. Louis has experienced great reverses of fortune, by fire, and flood, and pestilence, and marvelous as has been its rise after each reverse, we must yet consider this as one of the most disastrous that has befallen it. All the business interests of the city were looking forward to the opening of navigation, with a confidence and cheer rarely felt before; and now, just at the moment when all our rivers would have been covered with merchandise, a large part of the vessels that were to have freighted it have been blotted out in a single day. To our Insurance Companies also the disaster will prove a heavy blow, and detract much from their means, although we do not fear that it will impair their credit. The losses will be very large, but what they will amount to in the aggregate, or upon whom they will fall, cannot yet be ascertained.

THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

From The Dublin Nation

From The Dublin Nation.

But by far the most remarkable expression of American opinion which has appeared since the President's Message is the speech of Mr. Seward. William H. Seward is Senator for the State of New-York. He is, in our opinion, the ablest and most accomplished statesman in the Union since the death of Webster, Calboun and Clay. We are proud to say that he is of Irish descent; that he boasts of his connection with this Island; and has often expressed himself in terms of the strongest sympathy with our long war against England. He is, as behooves the Senator of the Empire State, of a cautious and moderate but straightforward and determined character; and we may be quite certain that the question has become preeminently serious when Mr. Seward declares it is too late to have arbitration; that, unless England unconditionally withdraws from Central America, she must be driven thence vi et armis, and that the only concession which can be made to her is a stated period of evacuation. England does not seem to have a single apologist in the Senate. Outside, the tone of opinion, to our observation, appears to be not so loud as deep. We do not remark the uproarious, intolerant "go ahead" tone with which Uncle Sam generally undertakes his affairs. On the contrary, we are reminded of the tone with which Uncle Sam generally undertakes his affairs. On the contrary, we are reminded of the quiet, conscientious, dare-death determination with which the old colonists entered upon the Revolutionary war. In every organ of American opinion, it is held forth that England has violated treaty with the States—has unjustly seized territory in Central America—and must surrender every inch she has plundered, or clse fight. It is believed that England will concede whatever is asked of her, and therefore the Americans hope and believe that a pacific solution is possible; but they are certainly ready for the last resort, and determined, in case of an appeal to arms, that the war shall be one to extinguish England's pretensions, power and possessions on their side of the Atlantic. possessions on their side of the Atlantic

MR. BLAIR AND THE BALTIMORE MERCHANTS .-FRANCIS P. BLAIR, esq., publishes the following card in reply to the proceedings of the recent meeting of merchants and business men of Baltimore, some account of whose doings was published in THE TRIBUNE

WASHINGTON, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1856.

Washington, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1856.

To the Editor of The Baltimore Democrat.

Sin: I observe in your paper that a public meeting of merchants and business men say that as President of the Pittsburg Convention I assumed to be "the "representative of the business and wealth of Baltimore," and add that "it was to controvert this false "statement that the meeting had been called."

It is usual when a man is charged with a crime con-

"statement that the meeting had been called."
It is usual when a man is charged with a crime consisting of what is shown on the face of a printed paper—whether it be a libel, a forgery, or even a false pretense—that the sternest prosecution makes an exhibit of that which is alleged to contain the offense, and is the best proof in relation to it. All I ask of you and the other editors of Baltimore who have published the impeachment made by the merchants of Baltimore is to publish the thing impeached. If what the meeting declares be true, I shall stand convicted; and hence all who have faith in the accusation, and desire to make it good, can make no objection to the publication.

who have faith in the accusation, and desire to make it good, can make no objection to the publication. "I said in my remarks to the Pittsburgh Convention, "that I received a call to represent the Baltimore" Republican Association, composed of men of character "and extensive wealth," and in the paper submitted by me, explaining the views of my constituents, I characterized them as "a body of business men of "Baltimore." So, by express designation, I confined my right of representation to a particular, "Association of the paper is the property of the property of the paper in the paper." my right of representation to a particular "Associa-tion," whom I truly described as "a body of business men' composing it; thus most clearly separating it from the mass of men who charge me with arrogating from the mass of men who charge me with arrogating the character "of the representative of the business "and wealth of Baltimore," which implies, in the generality of the phrase, all the business and wealth of Baltimore. Every one who reads what I said will see I meant no such thing.

The insinuation in the resolutions, that anything said by me rendered it necessary that they should "Viadi-

by me rendered it necessary that they should "Vindi"cate their commercial and industrial classes from
"the imputation of tendencies either to Abolition or
"Free-Soil," is equally unjust to me. The whole aim
of the paper laid before the Pittsburgh Convention of the paper laid before the Pittsburgh Convention was to restore the great Compromise in regard to Savery, which makes the surest guaranty against agitation—against abolition—against civil war—which the repeal has broached throughout the Union—the Compromise which the most illustrious man—and one who gave renown to Baltimore—contributed by his elequence to establish, and which he proclaimed to be necessary to the Union and all that it secures.

Your most ob't. serv't., F. P. BLAIR.

Your most ob't. serv't.,

FIRES.

FIRE IN WATER STREET.

On Wednesday night an attempt was made to burn he unoccupied house No. 346 Water street by some ascal, who placed a quantity of cloth saturated with tar under the stairs, and then ignited it. . The fire was fortunately discovered at an early moment by George Baker, who gave the alarm, when the flames were extinguished with a few pails of water. Damage slight.

FIRE IN GRAND STREET. Last night a fire occurred in the fancy store of Alexxander Fields, No. 347 Grand street. The flames were soon extinguished by the firemen of the District Damage to the amount of about \$200 was done to the